

Pockets on Gas Light

Waka Flocka Flame

Broke ass nigga

Pockets on full, his on E
Quarter tank ass niggas ain't seeing me
I've been getting paid, he trying to get right
Shawty mad 'cause his pockets on gas light
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His pockets on E like he running out of gas
Eldorado Red, I'm never running out of cash
Dope boy swag, I keep a duffel bag
And guess what, nigga? That bitch filled with rags
Me and Waka Flocka and Gucci Gucci
We take your bitch, never to the movies
To the hotel, in and out our door
In the club, throwing money, boy, I'm showing off
Half a brick of soda got me stunting good
I don't need to lie, I'ma keep it hood
Old school donk, pussy paint wet
Purple and green, yeah, I'm on my set
I love to flex, got stupid diamonds
No record deal, but I'm still shining
Me and YG Hoot hopping out that Bentley Coupe
I keeps some young niggas with me and they gon' shoot

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Let a nigga take you out, bitch, gangstas like dough
You ain't in my lane, your maintenance light's on
A full tank of gas and I push buttons fast
Did donuts on the Deuce Line when I brought that money back
It's Hoo-doe in that two-door when I'm swerving
what I'm serving, balling like a person
Heard he mad at me, but I ain't never heard him
He must know better, my flag red, oh, it's burgan-
Dy, I'm a G from the P, pockets never on gas light
And if they is, I'ma hit a lick to get back right
I hit for 30 racks, I hit for 40 racks
Back to slanging yayo like, "Where E-40 at?"
My hood evil, nigga, you full of that phony yak
NFL program, all I do is quarterback
Getting OT money on Cali soil
Making your bitch's pussy boil, my plan never foils

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His gas light on, his pockets on empty
Old half-a-tank niggas can't fuck with me
Pockets on full, yours on E
My trapping jersey worth about two bricks
Just hit a lick, so I'm super straight
I got that super cake, diamonds hella bright
Like the sunlight, call it crushed ice
Green diamond chain the same color as a can of Sprite
What's my appetite? About a quarter million
R.I.P. Biggie, west side Bloods fucking with me
I'm the down south Blood, what it do, Blood?
When you be me in the club, you see a real nigga

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